

BYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the Inited States army, on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Cirty, a renegada whose name has been connected with all manner of aircolties, also headed for Fort Harmar, with a message from the British general, Hamilton, Hayward guides him to the fort.

CHAPTER II-Continued. "I do not trust the villain, but I'll hear his tale. I may need you, Mr. Hayward; remain there in the back room until I call.

I could see no door. "Where, sir!"

In the den, beyond: the robe hides the entrance. If I need you I will

ill. The dog is coming now."
The interior of this room which I now entered for the first time was a revelation to me. It was fitted up as a lounging room, a den; yet bearing more resemblance to the tapes of a savage, than any abode of civilization. The trappings of war, the tributes of the chase, were everywhere in evidence. I saw all this with a single glance as I shut the door, yet almost with the instant, my entire attention was riveted upon an occupant, and I stood motionless, scarcely crediting my own eyes, as I stared across the table at the couch against the farther It was in shadow, underneath the window, draped by a yellow blan-ket, and in one cushioned corner sat a girl, her dark head bent low over an open book. So intent was she upon the pages that she had not heard my entrance, or else remained indifferent, thinking me no stranger to the apart-

She was young, scarcely out of her girlhood from the clear profile of her cheek, olive-tinted in the shadow, with a profusion of hair black as night, and a figure slender, but not tall. I moved ratting the latch to attract attention to my presence, yet the witch never glanced up, turning a page of her book lasily.

"Your pardon," I ventured, and cap in hand, advanced to the table nearer

She came to her feet in an instant, the book sliding to the floor, the long, black lashes no longer shadowing the dark eyes gazing toward me in sudden interest. She was small, swift of movement as a forest hare, yet for the instant I saw only her face, and the unfathomable depths of those eyes. They were full of bewilderment, sur-prise, laughter. As though some mys-terious message had passed between

us, I knew she was glad I had come.
"Why, monsieur," she exclaimed, hesitating slightly over the words, "I am startled! You should feel my heart beat—so fast. I thought it the generall, yes—who else? But I nev-airs see you before; you—you are an officier of the Americains?"
"Yes, I belong to this garrison. But the surprise of finding you here was

mine also. I was not told the room was occupied—and—you are French?"

"You not know me, monsieur?" her eyes drooping, then uplifting again. "An' you an officier of the Ameri-cains?"

No: I have been absent hunting only returned an hour ago."
"Een the woods? Way out beyond?

An' you saw no Indian, no French courier des bols?"

"Not one; only a white renegade brought in with me bearing a mes-

From the tribes, monsieur? From

Detroit?"

"From the tribes, yes," I answered, u. prised at her engerness, yet seeing no harm in a trank reply. but they were in council at Sandusky."

"Sandusky!" the word seemed to aling to her red lips. "He he was a Frenchman then?"

The measurger! Not be We can understand the relationship between the Canadian French and the avages. They have always been briends, but this cur is of another breed—warring against his own

She leaned forward, the laughter all gone from her eyes.

who was he, monsieur? I hesitated, wondering at her insist-ace, her eagerness. She leaned forbard almost touching me with her

Stexage "Please, monsieur: you can tell me." "A white dog named Girty; we know him well."

"Simon Girty!" her hands clasped. or lips unconsciously repeating the say he brought message from the tribes? Mon Dieu! "Tis strange they should choose him. He said so, mon-

"He claimed to represent the tribes. # his massage was from Hamilton."

## **Ghe MAID** or ILLUSTRATED By D. J. LAVIN

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"He was there—yes: at least so Girty reports; but I know nothing as to where he may be now—back in

Detroit likely, plotting new mischief."
My indignant speech had slight effect on her, for she laughed as I ended.
"Eet was done most well—so fine I laff, monsieur. But wby you say that to me? Because I am here? in this house of the Americaine general? Bah! we are together: we are alone. My people are yonder in the woods: I serve not these long faces who sing psalms. Tell me, monsteur," she touched my hands, her pleading eyes

looking up into mine, "why is cet you are here? I can be trusted."

I stared down into her eager face, almost believing I must be dreaming. yet conscious enough of her deep ear nestness. What was it she thought or imagined? Could she mistake me for another? be deceived as to my iden-tity? The thought seemed impossible, almost ridiculous. How should it be, when I stood before her in uniform, and had already declared myself an officer of the garrison? The eyes garing up at me seemed misty, as though

they held unshed tears.

"Please, monsieur," she urged anx-lously. "I am but a girl—a girl of the north—yet I can be trusted. Tell me quick, so I can help."

"But I do not understand, mademol-selle, I have told you who I am. Why should you speak like this?"

"Because I know you," she inslated.
"Because I have seen you before."
"Know me!" I smiled, induigent of

her whim, convinced now that I dealt with a mind diseased. "That is hardly possible.

"But I do, Monsieur Hayward, I do. Have you no memory of me? Of my face? Why are you so afraid to have faith?"

She had spoken my name, and I gazed at her in wide-eyed astonishment. Surely we had never met; yet how could she know?

"Am I not right?"
"Yes, but I have no memory of seeing you before, and you are not one to be easily forgotten. Tell me who

The dimples exhibited themselves in either cheek, yet she faced me without a movement.

"Eet is not right you should forget, monsieur; eet is no compliment. Yet l will answer; I am not afraid, and then you must remember. I am Rene I Auvray." The name meant nothing, told noth-

ing.
"Rene D'Auvray?" I repeated dumb-ly, striving to make the sound familiar. "Oul, monsieur: now-" She sprang back beyond the table,

finger at her lips. The door

opened at my back.
"Now, Hayward," said Harmar's voice bruskly. "I've done with that scoundrel, and would speak again with you."

My eyes clung for just an instant to those of the girl, shrinking back into the shadows. Then I turned and went out, my mind full of bewilder-

## CHAPTER III.

A Perilous Venture, General Harmar strods across the room to his chair, and sat down, staring out of the window, his eyes frowning. I closed the door, and stood waltswiftly determining to discover the identity of that young woman within, and feeling slight heed of aught else. Harmar turned his eyes toward me, surveying me a moment in stlence. "What do you weigh, Hayward?" he anapped out, as the noting my girth

for the first time. "Two hundred and thirty, sir."
"Huh! and every inch muscle and
bone from the look of you. I've got
some serious work picked out for you. How far north have you ever been?"
"To the forks of the Muskingum."

He drummed with his fingers on the table; then pored over a rough map. "Huh! the hard travel will be beyond, after you leave the boat. Would you undertake a journey to Sandusky?

"Alone, sir?" I asked, startled at the question, the distance vague in my

"With a scout, who knows the woods," he answered, studying my face, "and an enlisted man to cook. and do odd jobe around camp. A small party is better than a large one on such a trip." He paused, thinking. "I will obey orders, str. I am a

soldier. "Yes!" he got to his feet. "But now that isn't what I want. I expect my men to do that. But this is not strictity a military matter, and I give you no orders. I need a confidential messen-ger, a man of intelligence and nerve;

"An' he is there—at Sandusky—this but he will take his life in his hand, Monsieur Hamilton?"
"He was there—yes: at least so suspect treachery, and will order no officer of my command to such hazard-

> He stopped, and stood staring out of the window, his broad back toward me. "You must deem this matter of grave importance," I said, firmly, "and need seek no further; I volunteer to

go. He wheeled about, and grasped my hand.

"I thought so, Hayward. I am not often mistaken in a man, and I like your face. Yet do not be too hasty in decision. Sit down here, where we can have the map between us, until I can explain what hell is brewing in the pot of those north woods. What think you beneatly of Simon Girty?"
"Everything bad; a scoundrel from

head to foot. "Ay! yet Hamilton uses him. The man was a messenger, even as he claimed. The Englishman wrote that with his own hand; I have seen the writing before.

He pushed the crumpled bit of paper across, and I read the crocked lines clowly, for the penmanship was almost illegible. Twice I read it, half convinced my brain played me some

'is this true, sir?

"Some of it is; enough to make me afraid it may all be. The exact situa-tion is this, Hayward. The tribes of the northwest are ready for war. In spite of the influence of the chiefs many of the young men are already on the war trail. They are in small par-ties ranging the woods, attacking outlying settlers and hunters. Stories of outrages come drifting in here every day. Nothing prevents a general out-break but British restraint, and the opposition of the Wyandots."

'A strong nation." The most important in the Indian alliance. They are no friends of ours, yet they claim to be Christian, converted by French Jesuits, and thus far the priests have held them on the side of peace. For the first time their chiefs have met in council with the others and threaten war. Do you understand the cause?"

"Not clearly, sir; because of some prisoners we hold, is it not?"

"It was Greek to me, also, until Girty explained. That is where trouble We have no such prisoner, but if I send that word back by Girty, they will believe I lied. But if an officer of this garrison goes boldly to them, in response to their challenge; faces them at their council fire, and mays so openly they will probably accept his

"If the Wyandots join the other tribes it will mean war?" "Yes; the length and breadth of the frontier. I have no force with which to meet them; hundreds of lives-men. women and children — will be de-stroyed; settlements ruined. I doubt if there be a white man left north of the Ohio in three months if those flends break loose. This is not my work, endeavoring to treat with those red devils. It is the duty of the governor. But St. Clair is away; I have no means of reaching him with this information. The Wyandots demand instant reply, and our messenger must reach them as soon as, if not before, the return of Girty.

Do I have my choice of scouts?" "Certainly."

"Then I will take Brady, sir." "The best man available. I would have named him, only I feared your late trouble had left you enemior

Not at all; it was a fair fight. I sat thinking in allence, and Harmar waited. The danger of the jour-ney unrolled before me in imaginathe perflous waterways; the long trail through the trackless woods, menaced by roving Indian bands; the hostile tribes in council; the chances of treachery and death lurking in every step of the way. Audacity, determinacess, gave me courage. It was a work someone must do. I drew the letter over again, and studied it.

"You are sure, general, this 'Wa-pa-tee-tah' is not in our hands? At some of the other forta?"

"As sure as I can be; I heard from Pitt yesterday, with reports from the garrison between, and no account was made of such a prisoner being brought Hambrouck wrote me from connes two weeks ago-some French voyageurs left the letter on their way up the river-and he mentions noth-ing save his troubles with the indians of the Wabash, who are most impu-dent and unruly—the worst of the lot, to my notion. I expect the fellow has been killed in the woods."

"A man, then? A chief?" To my ears the name had feminine sound—



Wa-pa-teo-tah; 'tia as musical as a

"Ay! it sounds like that; but Girty gave me some other name I have for-gotten. Gad! I hated so to tak with foul-mouthed renegade, that asked few questions; only you may be sure 'tis no squaw the Wyandots would war over. A medicine man, or some-thing of that kidney, as I understand; Oirty said a religious teacher, whom the tribe loved more than a chief." I crossed the narrow room twice, en-

deavoring to sum up the evidence

"A poor pretense for war, surely," I said at last, "but might be sufficient to Indian mind." "More than one war, even among

civilized nations, has been started on less," he answered soberly. "Besides, it is my judgment all those devils want is an excuse. They may have manufactured this out of whole cloth; to me it don't look reasonable. But you have all the facts now, Hayward, and can understand what to say and do. Those red devils know our weakness, and are wild to break loose. If I send back a formal letter by the hands of their messenger, denying any knowledge of this medicine man of theirs, and expressing regret at his disap-pearance, they will consider it a lie I know Indian nature; they have got to be bluffed at their own game. Show fear, and they are after you at once. the whole pack in full cry; face them boldly, and they hesitate. If you go straight to them, through the woods to their council fire, an officer of this garrison, in uniform, they will interpret your coming as a sign that we are not afraid of their threats."

"Then I am to talk boldly; threaten, if necessary."

With discretion-yes. It is our only chance to avert war. The scheme may not work, but if it even results in de-lay, it will be worth the effort."
"When do I start?"
"At dusk tonight. Come here first

for final instructions, and a letter to Hamilton. You will go up the Mus-kingum to the forks by boat, and ther straight through the woods. There must be no loitering on the march."

"There will be none, sir; and what about Glety?"

"I will hold him on some pretext until morning. Your party will have fifteen hours' etart."

There seemed nothing more, and, after waiting a moment in silence, I naluted.

Very well, sir; that is all?"

"All at present."

I turned toward the door, then heat tated, as memory suddenly returned. "Pardon me, general," I said impul-sively, "but I met a young woman in the room yonder. Might I inquire who she may be?"

He stared at me with open mouth, then laughed.
"The witch! I never know she was

in there, Hayward, or I should never have exposed you to such danger. Said she anything about herself?"
"Only her name—Rene D'Auvray."
"Hub! that does not sound much her.

like the one she gave me, though by my soul. I've forgotten it; 'twas just as Frenchified, and I never dared to speak it aloud. How came she to tell

"That's the odd part of it, sir. She knew me, called me 'Monsieur Pay-ward,' and insisted I would remember her when she named herself. Then she did, but it was no name I ever heard before, nor have I ever seen the face; I'd swear to that,"

"And she is not the sort to be for-gotten easily. If they raise such flow-ers in the lilinois country, I would like service there. The tale is, as repeated by the soldiers who talked with the boatmen, that she seeks her father, who left this Kaskaskia a y since with Vigo, on a journey up the Ohlo. She stops at each settlement to inquire, and the girl has money-French and English gold in plenty. Yet, if this be the truth, there is small hunting done. Once only was she at the village for an hour; nor has she spoken yet of departure. She puzzles me with her pert speech, and French talk, for she pretends little under-standing of English. But that my wife likes her I should have sent the hussy on her way before now."

"But, general," I asked, etill lingerhow came she to know my

"Perhaps you spoke it first in her hearing. "Not I, sir; we spoke of other mat-

CTO BE CONTINUEDA

term."

There are now 26 days in a year recognized as legitimate occasions for holidays in most cities in England

# BILIOUS, HEADACHY,

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, billiousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath-always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bewels or sour, quasy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the in-

testines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes gestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache. Cascarets immediately cleanse the

stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep-a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Their Good Luck

The English sevgeant's patience had almost gone when, surveying the company he was instructing, he asked:

"Can you chaps sing?

There was a unanimous reply in the affirmative. 'Can you sing 'We've Got a Navy'?"

he asked.

Yes, they could all sing that. "Well," said the sergeant, with a world of sarcasm in his tone, "It's a dashed good thing for the country that you can!"-London Chronicle.

### TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS IF BACK HURTS

Says Too Much Meat Forms Uric Acid Which Clogs the Kidneys and Irritates the Bladder.

Most folks forget that the kidneys. like the bowels, get sluggish and clog-ged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe head-aches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending blad-

Jad Salts is harmless: inexpensive: makes a delightful effervescent lithiawater drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who be lieve in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.-Adv.

Time for Arbitration. "Nigger," warned one, "don't mess wid me, 'cause when you do you sure is flirin' wid d' hearse."

Don't pestigate wid me. nigger," replied the other abaking his fist, "don't fo'ce me t' press diss upon yo', 'cause if I does I'll hit yo' so ha'd I'll separate you' ideas from yo' habits; I'll Jess knock you fum amazin' grace to a flotin' opportunity."

If you meas will me, nigger," continued the other, "I'll jess make one pass and dere'll be a man pattin' yo' in de face wid a spade tomorrow morn-in'."-National Monthly.

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induence is all right in its way, but it is just as well to remember that the people with a pull don't always pull to

The crews see sights when one train telescopes another.

Some of the paragraphers ought to be sentenced for long terms.